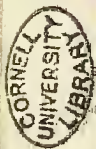


Phillips Brooks - Service at
Old South Meeting House



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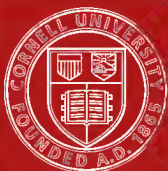
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PHILLIPS BROOKS.

A MEMORIAL.



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PHILLIPS BROOKS

THE
UNITED SERVICE
OF THE
CHURCHES OF BOSTON
AT THE
OLD SOUTH MEETING-HOUSE, BOSTON

JANUARY 30, 1893

In Memory of
PHILLIPS BROOKS

BOSTON
J. STILMAN SMITH & CO.
3 HAMILTON PLACE

1894



PHILLIPS BROOKS.

SO soon as the announcement was made of the death of Phillips Brooks, a general desire was felt that a meeting of the clergy of all communions might be held, to express their sense of his worth and their grief at parting from one who is remembered so fondly as a personal friend.

The arrangements for this meeting were made that it might be held on Monday, the 30th of January, at the Old South Meeting-House. The proprietors of the Old South Meeting-House gladly opened it for this purpose. For such purposes, or in the wish to have a central place in which the common thought and common purpose of Boston may express itself, has this venerable meeting-house been preserved.

The committee are glad to publish the addresses made on this occasion in affectionate memory of one whose voice has so often been heard on occasions of public interest in this house, dedicated to all the best interests of the town of Boston.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS BY REV. A. A.
MINER, D.D.

CHRISTIAN FRIENDS: The great events of the past week have deeply impressed the hearts of all our citizens. Bishop Brooks was no doubt a loyal son of his church, but he was much more. However strictly he may have conformed to the canons of that church, his convictions and his sympathies were by no means circumscribed thereby. They overflowed all denomination limits as the mighty river at its flood overflows its ordinary boundaries. All men were to him as brethren of a common Father, embraced by that Father in the arms of an infinite and unalterable love.

While therefore his own church has honored him by such fitting memorial service as seemed to it good, it has been thought proper that other churches, standing directly in the sunshine of God, with no historic difficulties in the way, should, through their leading representatives, bring to this renowned temple, into which the suggestion of partisanship cannot enter, their respective tributes of reverence, of admiration and love.

The venerable Dr. Peabody will voice our petitions.

The assembly then joined in prayer, led by Dr. Andrew Preston Peabody, of Harvard University.

ADDRESS OF REV. WM. F. WARREN, D.D.

It is fitting that on this occasion some words be spoken touching the services of Phillips Brooks to the cause of education. It should not be forgotten that before he became a preacher he was a teacher, and that through life he was officially and influentially connected with various institutions of learning.

His own education was eminently American. Observation and study in foreign lands came too late to be assigned any large part in making him the man he was. A graduate of the oldest school, and of the oldest college of the country, he may well be claimed as an example of what American training of the older type, under favorable conditions, could produce.

Of his services to Harvard University other voices, abundantly qualified, have borne, and will continue to bear, eloquent and grateful testimony.

His relations to the Boston Latin School were equally precious to himself and to the school.

First, for years as a pupil, then later as a teacher, he was identified with it. When upon the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its founding a gifted son was needed to pronounce a fitting commemorative oration, Phillips Brooks was the man towards whom all eyes converged. Those of us who listened to the resultant discourse, rejoiced that the hour had found its fitting voice, the voice had its fitting hour. When, in the lapse of time, the school shall look back on two hundred and fifty more years of life, the facts which he recorded and the sentiments he then expressed will have an only augmented value.

The year which witnessed the advent of Phillips Brooks as a pastor in Boston was the year of the advent of Boston University. Each was a new spiritual and social force. From the start each recognized and understood the other. The things which the great preacher emphasized were precisely the things for whose emphasizing the university was founded. Many were the ways and times in which he manifested his cordial interest in the new institution. Sometimes it was by his prayers, sometimes by his counsels, sometimes by deeds of kindness to officers and students as they might have need. A portion of our students were

members of his own flock. But these were not the only ones to whom he was a father confessor and a loving spiritual counsellor. How many he may have assisted pecuniarily we may never know.

Of those whom he directed to our College of Liberal Arts, one was a candidate for the Christian ministry in the Protestant Episcopal Church. The term bills of this young man he desired sent to himself, and he paid them by his personal check. A few years later I found the same young man in Oxford University, but whether still a pensioner upon the same bounty I did not learn. The case is mentioned simply as one of hundreds that illustrate the fruits of the man's goodness in helpfulness to individual men. Too many philanthropists and public teachers so lavish their love upon humanity in general that they seem to have little left for anybody in particular. It is, therefore, refreshing whenever we find a man whose conspicuous philanthropy expresses and nourishes itself in constant deeds of helpfulness to persons with definite Christian names and definite Christian needs.

How peculiarly warm was his interest in theological students! Who that heard it can ever forget the burning address he gave us at Andover,

when four of our schools of theology — Andover, Newton, Cambridge, and Boston — held there some years ago a first reunion? How wise and strong and fresh were his Yale lectures on preaching! But neither his Andover utterances nor yet the fuller ones at New Haven are to me his most memorable or most characteristic ones to candidates for the ministry. At both those seminaries the occasion was public, and some reference had to be had to public conventionality and public effects. Quite otherwise was it in the early days of our Boston University School of Theology — days when as yet it was housed in hired chambers, and when again and again, on invitation of our students, he came to hold with them an evening conversation on preaching and on methods of becoming preachers.

Here he was not a lecturer or teacher — he was just a big, warm-hearted elder brother talking back and forth with younger brothers, answering their questions, kindling their aspirations, removing their bugbear difficulties, drawing on his own experience with a simplicity and familiarity that before they knew it drew them into like fraternal freedom. I love to think of Phillips Brooks in St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey, but

I confess I more love to think of him in those humble confidential conversations, far aloof from the great world of men, but most near to God.

After understanding this interior relation of the man to our students, one can easily comprehend the significance of his preaching in its relation to the school. It was a magnificent object-lesson, running on year in and year out, illustrating in the most impressive manner the dignity and charm of the Christian life, the manliness and power of the Christian ministry. To those students the preacher was not the rector of Trinity parish in the Protestant Episcopal Church — he was the big brother of those evening conversations girding himself with divine strength and showing them how to fulfil a divine call. Then the abstractions of week-day scholastic instruction suddenly became concrete. Technique was clothed upon with life. The admiring disciple lost himself in the speaker. He identified himself with him, prayed his prayers, thought his thoughts, pleaded when he pleaded, argued when he argued, wrestled when he wrestled, triumphed when he triumphed.

By the close of the service this living sympathy of the ministerial pupil with the ministerial

master had made the former for the time and in the measure of his capacity a second Phillips Brooks. It was in view of this tremendous though almost unconscious power of spiritual assimilation that I sometimes spoke of Mr. Brooks as a most important member of our faculty of theology.

Twenty years this direct and indirect personal training, this potent moulding and inspiring of younger brothers in the ministry, went forward. Every year an average of score would go forth into the world-field, fired by the ideals and stimulated by the achievements of Phillips Brooks. They have gone out into all the world.

They have been heard from in our great cities; they are scattered over the great valley of the Mississippi; they are on the Pacific slope; in Japan, China, India, Mexico, South America. They toil among the most varied races and nationalities. They perpetuate his spirit and widen his influence in the great human family beyond any other agency whatsoever. They are his disciples in a sense and to a degree applicable to no other living men. They are the pupils who more than any others are going to make the widening progress of the news of the great preacher's death a

widening progress of a sense of personal bereavement until it encircles the globe.

Knowing what Mr. Brooks, the preacher, was to our students and to the students in Cambridge,—what he was to the world,—I could not feel like congratulating him, still less myself, on his election to the office and administrative work of a diocesan bishop. At the top of the brief note I sent him I wrote these words, “The will of the Lord be done.” I could love him and pray for him still. I could be resigned to any clearly providential disposition of him, but farther than this I could not go. I almost chided myself that I could not share in the general jubilee; but now that the exactions of the new and not absolutely congenial position have so quickly and forever terminated his earthly activities, I am sorely tempted to wonder whether his call to the episcopal office was, after all, in reality so clearly providential as I had tried to think it. I will not decide, I will not reason about it. But I must just a little wonder.

On Thursday last we saw the manly form of Phillips Brooks for the last time before the altar at Trinity. In some respects it was a spectacle unspeakably sad, in others it was a scene full of holiest inspiration. All of us doubtless felt the tug

and strain of the conflicting emotions. To me the experience was the more impressive from the fact that the last time I had seen him at the same altar the same familiar ritual for the burial of the dead filled all the place where we were sitting. And his was the tender and manly voice which, over the bier of a professor of Boston University, poured forth those cadences of grief and hope and Christian triumph. Now his turn had come to lie there still and silent in his casket, and after the intoning of the same collects and Scriptures, he borne forever away from the scene of his highest triumphs, the shrine of his holiest earthly affection. Never can I forget the significance of the hour.

Probably the best representation of Phillips Brooks' own ideas of education is to be found in his lecture on John Milton as an educator. I regret that I did not have the pleasure of hearing it. Any one, however, who is familiar with Milton's masterly tractate on this subject, and with the character and tastes of Dr. Brooks, can have little difficulty in understanding the spiritual affinities of the two men and the common demands they would make of every educational system. Especially in his conception of Christian citizenship and

of the training requisite for it, was Brooks emphatically Miltonic.

In conclusion, does not Milton give us the fitting word with which to close this tribute to our translated friend, when in his own grand numbers he asserts,

“Of all this earthly grossness quit.
Attired with stars, he shall forever sit
Triumphing over death and chance and time”?

ADDRESS OF REV. JOSHUA P.
BODFISH, D.D.

I first met our deceased and honored friend thirty years ago, when he was rector of Trinity Church in Philadelphia. He had already acquired fame as a preacher, and was the most popular clergyman in the city. We lived in the same house, and were on friendly and familiar terms. His noble and generous qualities won my admiration, and I was proud of his friendship. No attachments are more lasting than those formed in early years. I often think of the scenes in Trinity Church, where I often assisted him by reading the service when he was to preach, of the great

crowds of cultivated and eager listeners who seemed spellbound when hearing his matchless eloquence; and when we reached home, after one of his famous sermons, I would speak of it in terms of praise, he seemed all unconscious of doing anything remarkable. He seemed to be wholly without vanity or self-complacency, and wholly unaffected by the excessive laudation he everywhere received. And then you know what a minister, when he is young, handsome, unmarried, and popular, as was our friend, has to endure in the form of feminine devotion; how youth and beauty worship at his shrine, how he will be idolized and beset with well-meant attentions from the fair sex, until a young man's head is in danger of being turned. He had all this in the most intense form, but I often admired the way he repulsed them; without being uncivil or ungentlemanly he made them feel that they bored him, and that he had matters more serious to attend to. He was noble, generous, simple in manners, and devoted to his work. These traits distinguished him through his whole life.

We never agreed on many theological points. He expressed his sorrow that I was inclined, as he said, to the High Church wing, while he was

inclined in the opposite direction; still he respected the opinions of every one, and this proved no bar to our friendship. Not long since, having occasion to call on him in his library, after our business was despatched he detained me and seemed inclined for an old-time chat. He commenced to speak of the wonderful influence of the Roman Catholic Church upon the masses of society, and expressed his appreciation of many things he saw, although he did not approve of our action in other matters, but all in such a kindly and considerate tone that no one could take offence. I only said to myself he sees things from the outside and I from the inside. Some truths are like stained-glass windows, — to behold their beauty must be looked at from the inside. I never heard him, either in private or public, speak of the Catholic Church or any religious body but in terms of respectful consideration. He was content to work on for the benefit of mankind according to the best light he had, and allow others to do the same, rejoicing whenever or wherever he saw good accomplished, no matter who was the author. And as to the prevalence of religious forces, as he expressed it, he believed in "natural selection and the survival of the fittest."

This is what I call practical religious liberty, and ought to satisfy any one of us. It seems to me as though the English language has been exhausted in the last few days to find fitting terms to express the admiration and love of those who knew him best, and that the tribute my poor words can offer is too feeble to express the admiration I feel for his noble character and my grief at the loss of such a friend. But I think we can all find in him qualities that we may well strive to imitate, and that his example will be stimulating and helpful to us in the battle of life. In thinking of him, I cannot think of him as the bishop, but as the friend of my early manhood; and that there was in him something exceptionally good and great, the present assemblage of distinguished ecclesiastics of different communions all uniting to do him honor is sufficient proof.

In conclusion, I wish to add a few words from the Most Rev. Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, which I take from a tribute published in a Catholic paper which I received this morning. The archbishop says: "His truly broad, catholic heart and splendid luminous intellect have left their impression for good on the whole country, and people of all denominations will mourn his loss."

“What Cardinal Newman said of the Anglican Church after he became a Catholic may be said of men like Dr. Brooks in our own age, — that though they possessed not in its plenitude the ‘deposit of faith,’ they were yet ‘bulwarks against infidelity’ in the amount they did possess, and loved and acted out in their daily life.”

ADDRESS OF REV. EDWARD E. HALE.

It has been impossible to sit here and see the interest which everybody, literally everybody, has taken in this meeting, without feeling that nothing could have given him so much pleasure. That for the first time since Boston was Boston, every section of the Christian Church should be authoritatively represented in one church with one purpose, that this should be in memory and honor of him, would have given him the greatest pleasure. And as it fell upon me and Dr. Miner, as two of the senior ministers in active service, to call the preliminary meeting and to make arrangements for this meeting, one of us is the proper person, perhaps, to say this: to say that every human being who has been addressed, down to

the humblest boy who has been asked to take an errand about this plan, has gladly said, "Yes, if I can do anything in memory of Bishop Brooks." The tears started to my eyes when a cabman, as he opened the door for me the other day, said, "Our dear bishop is dead!" The man very likely had never heard him say a word, and yet had a feeling that he had lost a personal friend.

I cannot but hope that this meeting is auspicious for the future. I have lived in Boston long enough to know what is the absolute catholicity of the church of Christ. I have lived in Boston long enough, I have lived in my profession long enough, to know that the lines of sect which are called "denominations" are matters of entire indifference to the great body of Christians; that they are only maintained by experts who know how properly to pull the wires and to make the figures move. If, on an occasion like this, when our hearts are all beating together, we can all meet together in this building which, as Dr. Miner said, is not tinged by any name of party or sect, why, this is a blessing, and it seems to indicate what the future is to compass. Certainly the enemies of Christ are united; they manage to work together when there is any work for them to do; and I

cannot but hope that an occasion like this may suggest to us who are here, each of us fighting the devil as best he knows how, what may be the advantage of union in this great conflict.

My own relations with Dr. Brooks have been so manifold that I have found it impossible, when I have had to speak or to write of him, to confine myself to any single strain of remark. I turned over, the other day, files of letters which I have received from him in the last twenty years. Whether it was some starving man here whom he wanted to care for, or whether it were some enterprise which would hold its place in history and would be remembered for a thousand years, he always addressed himself to it in this same spirit, always with the eternities present, hard upon him, and always giving word to the voice of the eternities. I said yesterday that I did not think he understood in the least what the rhetoricians call "the preparation of a speech." I have stood on the platform with him, I suppose, a hundred times, and I do not think he ever came to a public address with anything like what the men of the colleges would call "the preparation" for an address. But, on the other hand, he never insulted an audience by standing before them without having

made the most absolute and adequate preparation. The preparation he had made was to ask himself, "Where is it that this business touches the kingdom of God; where is it that this business is going to help forward our morning prayer, 'Thy will be done;' where is it that this business, industrial education, teaching of boys, the Associated Charities,—where is it that this business has to do with faith and hope and love?" He had thought with prayer, he had thought with most careful inquiry, how it was that the eternities had to do with the affair he had in hand, and then, when he stood before the audience, he spoke of that foundation, and we knew we were standing upon a rock, and we blessed and thanked the man who had led us there. That, I think, was the secret of his unequalled power.

It is the misfortune of preachers that they hear each other preach very little; it is the good fortune of men who have been long in the profession that they hear each other speak on those occasions which connect themselves with active and private life. Brooks led this community as he did because never on such an occasion did he descend to any of the frivolities of talk; never did he speak of the superficial, of the outside; he always "sub-

soiled." He struck at the bottom, and you knew when you were listening to him that you were hearing something which you would never forget. Of those central truths the New Testament gives us so many expressions, and it is, I think, very pathetic, as it is very remarkable, how well these expressions fit him. If anybody said to a person who knew him, "Whom do you know who is 'first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy'?" he would say, "Oh, you are talking about Brooks." Who is it "who bears his brother's burden, and so fulfils the law of Christ"? Who is it "who takes no thought what word he shall speak," but knows that it is the Holy Spirit which shall teach him what to say? They will celebrate his memory elsewhere, but nobody can celebrate it as we celebrate it, we ministers of Boston. If we have a sorrow that they do not have, we have a satisfaction and a joy, because so many of us say confidently, "He has been my friend, and he shall be my friend always."

ADDRESS OF REV. PHILIP S. MOXOM.

It is a sacred privilege and honor to be permitted to say a word in tribute to the man whose death has made not only a city, but also a Commonwealth and a nation mourners. It is fitting that we should come together, ministers of all denominations and sects and parties, and should forget our differences in the common sentiment of the hour. For we all believe in our hearts that we stand for the Kingdom of God; and this man stood, as few men have stood, for the Kingdom of God. We believe that we stand, each according to his own idea and his own conviction, for the gospel of Christ; and this man stood, as few men have stood, for the whole breadth and sweetness and power and universality of the gospel of Christ. I shall be tempted, by the enthusiasm of my own admiration and love for Phillips Brooks, to say more than I ought to say. Let me then just note two or three of the chief marks of this man, two or three of the characteristics that made him great, that made him greater than we know to-day, and that will make him seem greater to us ten years, twenty years, hence, than any of us fancies him to-day.

The first of these was his extraordinary and pervading and masterful sense of God. I have never known a soul in which it was so complete, in which it so penetrated all his thinking, all his philosophy, all his conception of life, all his conception of his fellow-men, all his sense of the relations of men in their work, and all his sense of the possibilities of human life. He lived in the thought of God; he lived in that divine atmosphere which pulsed in his heart, thrilled in his nerves, and poured itself into the electric utterances of his speech. And this constant, abiding, pervading sense of deity — this sense of Godhood in the world, in the life about him, in his own soul, as well as in the heavens above him — gave him a great courage. No man more frank and brave than this man ever spoke to his fellow-men. It gave to him a great joyousness, so that his speech was always luminous with delight, with inspiration, with a sense of the good in the world and the good in humanity. And it gave him a wonderful humility. This is the limitation of most great men, that they are more or less conscious of their greatness. Have we ever met a man so great, so admired by all people as he was, who was so utterly unconscious of himself, who never betrayed, even in the intimacies of

private conversation, the thought reflected back upon self; who spoke straight out from his soul in his slightest casual word, as truly as he did in the great prophetic utterances which thrilled and moved the hearts of a vast multitude?

The next thing that we mark was his sense of humanity, inseparable from the former, pervasive of all his thinking and of all his planning. He believed in humanity because humanity came from God. And his sense of humanity manifested itself in a marvellous sympathy. I do not mean simply that the word "sympathy" was a common thing in his speech; Phillips Brooks never needed to say that he sympathized with men. There was an effluence, subtle and powerful, from his personality, that touched the highest as well as the lowest; and though men felt that this man stood always for himself and the best that was in himself, yet the boys in the streets and the men in the stables and the poor people in obscure homes, as well as the wise and the cultivated and the wealthy and the learned, all felt that this man belonged to them. His was a sympathy that flowed out from his nature, that was a quality of his very being, and so brought him into touch, into community, into vital union with his fellow-men. His sense

of humanity was manifest also in his consuming love, — a love that did not advertise itself in phrases, but showed itself in the kind and quality of his work, in his willingness to serve, and in the bountifulness with which he gave himself on all occasions to all men. There are great and good men who reserve themselves for special occasions and for special opportunities, but Phillips Brooks would go to a little chapel where, perhaps, he would never be heard again, and speak to a handful of people who craved his inspiration, with the same purpose and the same pouring out of the best that was in him with which he would go into St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey. It was his passion for men, to do them good, to lift them up, to fill them with life, to make known to them the God that was in him and in the world and all about him, and to let the pulse of the divine power which he felt smite upon the nerves and hearts of other men.

Consequently, he was also a great idealist. His sense of God and his sense of humanity together gave him a conception of human nature that exalted it. He believed in the redemption of the world; he believed that humanity is on the march, and he joined in the march with this great confi-

dence, this sublime assurance in the triumph of good, the perfect redemption of humanity. So this man, moved by these great passions, these great, all-possessing ideas, gave himself, poured himself out as an illimitable fountain of service to his fellow-men. And, alas! why are we here to-day? Is it not a strange thing that we are here to speak in memory of Phillips Brooks, the man who gave us such a sense of life that we felt him through all the city? And now he is gone, and we shall see him no more. Shall we not reflect sadly and with compunction that the very lavishness of his giving stimulated unconscious extravagance in demanding, so that all this community and all this people laid their claims upon him, and he honored them till the tension grew so strong that, at last, the strong man broke and he was laid low, a sacrifice to service, his life as truly given for his fellow-men as any life that was ever laid on the altar of sacrifice, from the day of Calvary to now? Can there be a higher tribute to any human soul than just this consciousness that pervades all our hearts to-day? How wonderful it is! We have forgotten everything that divides us, and remember only the thing which unites us. Is it not a prophecy which shall have its fulfilment in the

accomplishment of the very ends for which he labored, — when we shall indeed all be one, one in our faith in the ever-living and ever-loving God, one in our faith in the ever-living and guiding Jesus Christ, one in our sense of the divine origin and divine destiny of all humanity, and so one in the purpose and the hope which shall have their culmination and fulfilment in the redemption of the world?

ADDRESS OF REV. E. WINCHESTER
DONALD.

Recognizing as I do that I have been asked to appear on this platform simply from the accident of my official connection with the church for all time to be associated with the name of Phillips Brooks, I think I can best meet the temper of the audience if I give the larger portion of my time to another. But I am struck by the fact that we are met here in the Old South Meeting-House. If we go back to the date of the erection of this venerable and venerated edifice, we shall come upon a spirit and temper in the Congregationalism of the time which would make impossible anything like this assembly. And if we go back also in the his-

tory of the Episcopal Church to the date of the erection of this building, we should not find in the Episcopal Church of those days a temper and spirit which could produce a man like Bishop Brooks. So it is that this gathering marks the substantial and promising progress that has been made in the church of Jesus Christ toward that larger sympathy which at last shall make all our divided churches one.

Some years ago Alexander Balmain Bruce, who is known, I dare say, to all the ministers present as the author of three strong books, "The Kingdom of God," "The Humiliation of Christ," and "The Training of the Twelve,"—a man with strong, clear, Scotch intellect,—was delivering a course of lectures in Union Theological Seminary, New York. He came down to my house one evening full of an enthusiasm that could not be repressed, because he had heard, on the previous Sunday, three sermons by Phillips Brooks. He had gone to Mr. Brooks' brother's church in the morning, out of a mild curiosity; had broken an engagement with a friend to hear a minister of his own church in the afternoon, that he might again hear Mr. Brooks; and he had broken still another engagement in the evening also to listen

to a clergyman of his own church, that he might hear Mr. Brooks preach once more. When I asked him, "How does he compare with your great preachers in Scotland and in England?" he said, with a homely and yet a very striking figure, "It is this way: Our great preachers take into the pulpit a bucket full or half full of the word of God, and then, by the force of personal mechanism, they attempt to convey it to the congregation. But this man is just a great water-main, attached to the everlasting and exhaustless reservoir of God's truth and grace and love, and streams of life, by a heavenly gravitation, pour through him to refresh every weary soul."

As I walked down Commonwealth Avenue the other day, a little girl came running to me and said, "You're not Mr. Brooks; you're only our new minister. Kiss me! Mamma says Mr. Brooks won't kiss me any more."

The man who could win this tribute from the hard-headed Scotchman, this sweet and delicate tribute from the little maiden on the street, cannot be a less great man than all these united tributes, which come from every quarter, testify that he was, and — shall we not say it? — that he is.

ADDRESS OF REV. PERCY BROWNE.

The death of our great friend has united the hearts of our city in a spiritual experience which must be recognized as demanding a deeper expression than that of admiration for his genius or interest in the details of his life. That admiration and interest we all share; but the beat of the city's heart in this great meeting tells of a nobler feeling, which recognizes in the life and work of Phillips Brooks one of God's great opportunities for reaffirming and restating those eternal truths and realities which underlie all life, uniting us all to God and to each other. While we admire the special powers of the man, his divinely filled manhood is calling us not to admiration, but to participation, is calling us away from that unworthy conception of our own nature which would forbid our claiming as our own the ideal of character so manifest in him. To admire him as a spiritual phenomenon representing any spiritual reality, power, or opportunity which is denied to the least of God's children, would be a repudiation of his life-long teaching, and a desecration of his memory. If we applaud in him any quality of spiritual and moral character as something which we cannot

hope to attain; if the men of Boston are thinking of that great soul as showing us a humility which we all cannot show; lifted into a trust in God's love which we cannot make our own; spending his life in a self-forgetfulness and brotherly helpfulness too great for us to aspire to; living a life of daily righteousness towards God and towards his fellow-men too mysterious or arduous for the weakest of us to try to realize in our smaller spheres; if, to-day, we are content to estimate the spiritual and moral greatness of Phillips Brooks as, in any sense, constituting a vicarious manhood for the men of this city in whose worst prodigals he saw his Father's image and the possibilities of renewed sonship to God, then our plaudits miss the mark, and are but pagan incense, which all who know the meaning of his life should be the first to repudiate in his name.

That he was an intellectual phenomenon we must admit; but that which we revere and love most in him — his achievement in the region of character — did not separate him from us, as genius without the noble qualities of character always separates a man from his less endowed brothers. His consecrated manhood drew us close to him, because we saw in it the setting forth of what we knew in our

souls we too could hope to be. He kindled in thousands of hearts respect for the high possibilities of their own nature. Those possibilities which we saw realized in him never discouraged us, but seemed to say to us all, "You, too, can be as I am." In his self-forgetfulness he never said that, nor thought of himself as representing the supreme type of manhood; but, from what we knew him to be, there came to us that inspiring assurance. Thousands felt their deepest nature responding to it in a way which made life seem new and beautiful to them. And all our hearts are united to-day, as the heart of one man, in a grief which is not a wail over a world impoverished by his death, but rather a thanksgiving for his life which has revealed this world as God's world, and has shown us that we too may live in it as sons of God.

And we must recognize also that the deep feeling of our community, which culminates in this representative meeting, once for all clears our Boston from the charge of being a sceptical and atheistic city. It is a movement which shows Boston to be distinctly on the side of the God and the righteousness so manifest in the man whose character inspired us all. The fact that his death has united all its citizens in a consciousness of fel-

lowship with his God-inspired character, proves it beyond controversy. If all the scepticism, cynicism, frivolity, and baseness of Boston's worst men could be gathered into some one personality endowed with incomparable genius, with an intellectual equipment which would enable him to proclaim, in our city, for more than twenty years, his gospel of desecration and ruin, — when he died, however men might admire his genius, do you believe that man, woman, or child would rise up and follow his departure, as the whole city has followed that of Phillips Brooks, claiming him as its true representative man, and claiming, too, a share in the divine realities which made him what he was?

We meet to-day, not to applaud a man of genius, but to claim brotherhood with a true son of God, who walked in our midst, a revealer of God and of the possibilities of our own nature. We honor him not by applauding him as a wonder, but by opening our souls to a fuller reception of the Divine Power which made him truly great.

ADDRESS OF REV. GEORGE A. GORDON.

I cannot but recall now the utterance which Dr. Brooks made on this platform a year ago, when General Armstrong had been struck down and was lying within the deep shadow of death. Bishop Brooks, who made the last speech of that afternoon, rose and said he felt like sending greetings and congratulation to General Armstrong that he had lived such a happy, such a successful life; that the ends for which he had lived he had so largely realized, and that he was going hence, if so God pleased, with the ineffable satisfaction of having served his generation with power, and having left his example among the great civilizing and ennobling forces of the world. I feel like gathering up the affection and the honor and the love of this assembly, and of the city we represent, and sending it on after him in greeting and congratulation that he is now on wider courses of service, with vaster prospects of life, and with a sublimer consciousness of power. He would value most our felicitation that God had been so good to him, in his environment, in his birth, in his training, in the sphere of his influence, in the city to which he made his appeal, in the brethren among whom he

lived, in the kingdom of God in which it was his honor to serve; he would value most our sense of the great goodness of God to him in all that he was permitted to experience and share and accomplish.

I have felt, sitting here and listening to the addresses, the force of one remark which he made to the theological students at New Haven in 1877, when he said that he was constantly embarrassed by one thought: that they might conclude from his advice that it was a complex, an infinitely difficult, thing to make a sermon. He contended that it was the simplest thing in the world. Given a cultivated mind, and a heart full of the love of God and man, and then the free utterance of the inward force, that is the secret of it all. Phillips Brooks was the simplest of men. He was ruled by the Christian conception of life. The ideal given in Christianity swayed him, and held its sceptre over his entire nature. The secret of his greatness is thus plain.

There is one thing more of which I have been thinking while listening to the warm and adequate personal tributes to his memory, and that is the importance which he attached to what he called the four concentric circles in which every Christian man, and especially each Christian minister, stands.

The first and the widest circle is humanity; he was interested in man as man. And the second circle was religious humanity; he was interested in all the religions of the world. He saw, with marvellous insight, the measure of truth that they contain, he recognized with genuine sympathy their power, and with profound gratitude did he thank God for them. And the third circle was Christianized humanity — the community of all those who with sincerity claim the Lord Jesus Christ as master, of whatever name. And then at the centre of all and closest to his heart was his own type of Christianity. Phillips Brooks was a member, a priest, a bishop, of the Episcopal Church; he loved its glorious traditions, its historical continuity, its room for variety of theological opinion. This great man loved his own church; it received his warmest and happiest life; he was a loyal son of it. In all his noble catholicity of spirit, it must never be forgotten that he was profoundly loyal to his own section of the church. No man ever dared hint to him that he was not: if he did, it was resented as a personal insult. There was first, then, the form of Christianity which he preferred above all others; then the common Christianity circling that; then the great circle of religious humanity sweeping

round that, and the final horizon — the hill-tops, as he called them — of mankind.

Frederick the Great said of one of Luther's great hymns that it was "the grenadier march of Almighty God." The same might be said of Phillips Brooks' eloquence: it was the grenadier march of Almighty God. And he evermore kept step with it, and he is keeping step with it as it sounds forth in that other sphere, in that higher world. We follow him with our reverent love, and we turn to the God and the Christ and the eternal world that made him all that he was, in profounder faith and in personal assurance that what he was so surpassingly, we too, under the influence of the same spirit, may ultimately become. And we shall see his face again, when we stand in the multitude that no man can number, gathered out of every kindred and people and tribe and tongue on the face of the whole earth, around the throne of God and the Lamb, and participate with him in that glorious and endless worship of Almighty God.

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Phillips Brooks.



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